

# Funkoars, What I Want

I don't dance  
I don't jump  
I don't front  
I do the fuck what I want

(Verse 1: Pressure)

Pressure tired as fuck lining up  
It's getting old, its cold and half the night is up  
And you wonder why fights erupt, wisen up  
Mr. Door bitch let me inside the club  
With his gelled hair, tight pants, silky shirt, man fag  
Let me in soon or I'ma piss in your hand bag  
What's he gonna do if he gets bashed in the streets  
He ain't a bouncer, he's just the fasion police  
You know whats tragic, a girl stops traffic  
You let her in, stop a bloke, thats a cock block faggot  
Get a sweater for my dress code  
What you suggest, yo, matching knitted sweaters with my best bro's?  
An entry pass, give me entry fast  
Before your head comes acquainted with an empty glass  
Clubs and bad pussy are one and the same  
After I talk my way in I'm never coming again

(Chorus)

I don't dance  
When the DJ sweats me  
I don't jump  
When the MC begs me  
I don't frontAnd there is no cop  
I do the fuck what I want

(Verse 2: Trials)

Mr. Trials, grubby in a club with a nice shirt  
Try'na find a honey with some money and a nice purse  
I'm on a bender and broke won't stop us  
So I hobble to a rich bitch as thick as their wallet  
Promised the world to this girl that I'd get her heart racing  
Sip into sick pints and I'm always sayin' same shit  
I need a drink like Mick Jagger needs a hit  
I need a drink like Angelina needs to leave her lips  
I'm at my peace when I'm pissed, if I get a drink  
Tell a chick whatever I got tell her to make her my bank teller  
I'm a rank feller in need of Jesus Juice, Jesus Christ would I need to do  
Stop the whole girl flattery thing  
People buy it better when you walk around with charity tins  
Now say I'm fucked from birth, find a girl with purse that buldge and drink  
and problem solved

(Chorus)

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(Verse 3: Hons)

Hons the last dude that want to check your tracks  
For real, what you think I'm about to press it up on ear wax  
I doubt that, thats one thing I hate about cats spitting in ya ear like  
its ness in '58  
I wanna tell 'em get fucked, I came hear to get drunk  
And throw game like bad losers thats run out of luck  
But yet I'm stuck feeling awkward, with some cats spittin flavour in my ear like Craig Mac was in my

I'd rather shit talk and at least I'd get a word in  
And not some rappers dinner all floating in my bourbon  
And when he's spittin', I ain't even listening  
I came to see the live set not a pop star audition  
And I couldn't really care about the shit you write  
And if I want my ear chewed then I'd go turn to turn with Tyson  
And if your offended I ain't try'na be harsh  
I'll hear your shit when it drops so leave me at the fucking bar

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(Verse 4: Suffa)  
Suffa standing at the bar cos I wanna shout, a round  
Getting ignored so I had to pull my wallet out, I'm down  
With the fact that you wanna get some play bro  
But you've been serving chicks while I've been standing here like 'ey yo'  
Don't take all day bro, stop that weak shit  
That girl don't want you, that bitch wants a free drink  
Now I'm getting shitted out this cat would've bought the bitter out  
If I was a broad and walked in with my titties out  
Ohh this bar tender thinks he can get these girls tipsy  
In hopes of a wristy  
On the real son, try make me feel dumb  
If I can't buy a fucking drink I'ma steal one  
And spit liquor on the bar to set it on fire  
Half price drinks is what it said on the flyer  
But I can't even get served man, yeah thats chill  
Ignore me all night I'ma rip off ya till

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(Verse 5: Sesta)  
Unlce Sesta rolling up already half cut  
Bouncer still mad as a mother fucker from last month  
I've done fucked up tequila, lethal  
Have me stealin' and screamin' and feeling up a beater vehicle  
Name's at the door, chill bro I'm good  
'Whats ya name?'  
'I'm Debris from the Hilltop Hoods' (hey, yo)  
Post myself with the drinks facing a sick shit hanging off my lip  
while I'm chasing a bitch  
Don't buy her a drink give 'em a fly or a wink  
See ya at my show next week (oohhh)  
Before I touched the whore she bounced  
When her fat friend turned around like 'he's a funkoar!' (slut!)  
Called to the bar, now pour all of my shots, but 4 bucks is all that I got  
Fuck this I'ma bail  
Coz alot of fans want me to sign their chest, but they're males

(Chorus)  
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I do the fuck what I want

(Sample)  
Once I had a love  
Kissed him every morning  
Then one day my love  
Left with no warning...